

Anniversary

Last night I set the dining room table
he's never seen. He's never seen
this apartment or the street where I live.

Or me without the thirty-five pounds
I lost after the divorce—one pound
for each of our years together.

I took out the good silver and the Wedgewood
we never used. I ate by candlelight
alone. I didn't mind. I didn't miss him.

The river light brightened as the moon rose.
I watched that. Breathed in the fruity redolence
of the chardonnay. Sipped. I ate a chicken breast

marinated in champagne and limes. I ate white rice
and fresh green beans from my neighbor's garden.
I ate alone and wanted nothing.

I didn't raise my glass. I did the one chore
that used to be his. I left the radio off. I liked
the sound of the rinse water as I lifted the plate

from the suds, the little clink as I set it
into the dish drainer, the hum of the wine glass
as I wiped it dry. I know now where the mind

can take you when you stand by yourself
in the kitchen after a good meal.
Whatever comes next will happen anyway.

- Andrea Hollander